

# The MIDLAND

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## WHISPER BEHIND A GUIDE AT THE CLIFF HOUSE

LOREN C. EISELEY

Here the old red boulders at the broken cliff-face sufficiently mark the earth's aging — and the tiptoe rabbit under the green juniper the measure of happiness. . . . You are not to follow, sweetheart, the man with the metal voice whose eye tells me: "I care nothing for this, save the money. I am living the prouder time whose myriad hands will not perish, who are too quick, oh too wise, too wise to perish.

Do not follow him.

There is something necessary to be heard under the rock, something moving my blood. The bronze, worn faces would speak that are skulls, and the mouths' cracked masonry . . .

From the small door, from the earth house the lost voices confute us . . .

Let the words and the crowd go, sweetheart. It is better to sit quietly and hold hands where a thousand years ago the brown free people dipped their ollas into the cold spring and stood a moment thinking the thoughts of lovers shyly, in an earthier tongue.

## THE WHITE GLASS DEER

MARION NEVILLE

Maida was playing "Brooklet in the Woods." Playing and counting softly, one-and-two-and-one-and-two-and, as Mrs. Kinsey had told her she must. Except for the tinkling notes of the piano the house was very still, and the music had a far-away sound that was sad and beautiful. It made you think of a real brooklet in a real woods somewhere, flowing gently over mossy stones and singing as it made its way among the roots of the forest. It made you feel as if the brooklet was calling to you to come and wade in its brown, sun-speckled water. You felt that if you went there all alone and waded you might see a fairy.

One-and-two-and — one-and-two-and. This time with the left hand alone. Mrs. Kinsey always

made you practice each hand separately to get the fingering. It did not sound like a piece if you played it that way. You could not imagine anything while you were playing it.

Suddenly Mother came to the top of the stairs and called down. "Maida," she said, "don't play any more now. I have a headache."

Mother had a headache every afternoon. You had to be very quiet while she had it.

"Yes, ma'am," said Maida, and jumped down off the high piano stool. She closed the piano softly and put her music away. Then, "Mother?" she called. But there was no answer. Mother had probably already gone to lie down. Maida slipped through the yellow velvet portieres into

the library and found her book. It was "The Arabian Nights," and she was reading the story of Amina. There was a picture on the page opposite where she was reading that showed Amina eating grains of rice, and on the next page there was another one showing Amina and the female ghoul gnawing bones in a cemetery. The ghoul had long sharp teeth and frightful black holes for eyes. Its stiff black hair stood out like quills around its head. The pictures frightened Maida, but she liked to look at them.

She read two or three pages and then stopped. She often did that; for she was only in the second grade and many of the books she tried to read were too hard for her; she could not understand all the words. But today it was for another reason she did not go on with Amina. Though she knew the story almost by heart, she did not like to read it when the house was so still. There might be a ghoul under the sofa. There might be a ghoul in the library closet or hiding behind the parlor portieres. Dropping the book, Maida ran wildly out through the dining-room, through the kitchen, and out onto the back porch, where she stood still for a minute and listened to her heart beat.

Slowly, down the back steps, through the kitchen garden, along the cinder path to the garden gate, Maida walked. As she pulled back the catch and swung open the gate, old Bruce came out from under the back porch and ran down the path after her. "Nice Bruce, good old Bruce," cried Maida. Bruce slipped out of the gate in front of her and stood wagging his tail while she fastened the catch. Then he ran up to her and began licking her hands. Maida knelt down and put her arms around his neck and whispered to him: "We're alone, Bruce. Joanna's gone to town and Mother has a headache. They go off and leave us all alone." Then she stood up and started down the weed-grown alley towards Fremont Street. Bruce ran along in front of her.

If you walked to the end of the alley and turned down Fremont Street, pretty soon you would come to Walnut Street, and directly in front of you would be Colonel Secor's house. Colonel Secor was dead. He had not been dead very long, for Maida could remember when he died. He had committed suicide. That meant that he had killed himself. Now, Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora lived alone in the big old house. Mother had said they must be lonely, those two women in that big house. She also said something

else about them to Father, which Maida was not supposed to hear. It's funny they're both that way, Mother had said. But it's in her family. The Colonel didn't know about it when he married her. And Father had said, Yes, it's too bad. There's no telling when they may go off again. Then Mother said it gave her the creeps.

Here was the house. A gray house set back from the road in the midst of a grove of trees. It had two towers, one large and one small, and there were little balconies on the upper story with doors opening out on them. There were many windows, too, and those in front had small panes of bright-coloured glass. The blinds were all pulled down so that it looked like a house that nobody lived in. Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora never sat out on their front porch and did fancy-work. They did not have flowers and ferns and vines on their porch, either, like other people. There were three flowering bushes in their yard, though,—snowball, lilac, and moss rose—and sometimes you could see Miss Cora or Mrs. Secor out cutting blossoms. They always wore sunbonnets and you could not see their faces.

Maida crossed Walnut Street, and Bruce trotted along in front of her, his tail waving its lovely orange-coloured plume proudly. She stopped a moment before the gray-painted gate. She had never "called on" Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora as she had called on the other ladies in the neighborhood. Mother had told her that they did not like little girls, that they did not like visitors. But there was something else. Maida knew there was something else. They were "that way". She wondered what "that way" was. When you saw them out in the yard they looked just like anybody else—Maida dug her toe into the soft cinder path in front of the house. Then she shook the dust off her little brown slippers and unhooked the heavy gate. "Here Bruce, here Bruce," she called, for Bruce had gone on off down the path and was smelling a clump of grass. "Bad dog!" scolded Maida. "What makes you run off?" She stamped her foot, raising a little cloud of dust from the cinders. "Come here this minute!" Bruce dropped his tail and came trotting guiltily to her. She took him by the collar, and together they entered the gate. There were a great many steps leading up to the porch. They were so clean it did not look as if anybody ever walked on them. They must scrub them every day, Maida thought.

The front door was black, except for a little

window of red glass in the top of it. The brass doorknob and the huge bell shone like gold. Maida touched the bell. Immediately there was a great jangling on the other side of the door.

For a long time there was no other sound. Maida began to wish she had not come. It was running off, and Mother would not like it. She thought if Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora were not at home how empty the house must be — how still and empty. It made her feel very strange to be standing there waiting for someone to come to the door, when maybe there was no one inside. It was like coming home from school and calling to Mother and then finding that Mother was not there. It was like being quiet when Mother had a headache. When you knocked at a door and nobody came it made you feel as if you wanted to run away quickly for fear there was somebody inside and they were watching you through the curtains. Suddenly there was a slight noise on the other side of the door. Someone was coming. Maida's heart began to beat very fast. What if it should be a witch, or a ghost? What if it should be a female ghoul? Bruce was sitting down on his haunches, and as he, too, heard the noise, he cocked his head on one side and stood up. Maida held him tightly by the collar. The knob turned gently, and the door opened a crack.

"Who is it?" said a high, faint voice that sounded like the whispering of wind.

"It's Maida Carroll. I've come to call, Mrs. Secor." Maida was no longer frightened. She had not really thought a ghoul would come to the door.

The door opened a little wider. "Eh? What's that? Who is it?" said Mrs. Secor. She thrust her head through the opening. She did not look so very old, but her gray hair was done up high on her head in an old-fashioned way, and she had on a purple silk shirt-waist that looked like some Mother had in a trunk in the attic. Her face was very white, and her sharp black eyes looked down at Maida from beneath dark, heavy eyebrows. "Who are you, little girl?" she asked again. "What is it you want?"

"I'm Maida Carroll and I've come to call," repeated Maida. "Be quiet, Bruce," she said, as Bruce made to brush past Mrs. Secor into the house pulling her along with him.

"Carroll? Carroll?" Mrs. Secor frowned a little. "I don't know — I don't remember any Carrolls."

"Yes'm. We live over on Pierre Avenue." Bruce was pulling and straining at his collar. "Bad dog! Stand still! I'm Judge Carroll's little girl. I've come to call."

"Well, well, well. Judge Carroll. Yes, let's see. I believe I used to know him. Long ago. And your mother, too, if I remember rightly. I expect that's before you were born. Come in, little girl. Come in."

Mrs. Secor had grown suddenly very friendly. At first she had seemed to be talking more to herself than to Maida. Her face had had the absent expression people wear when they are reading. But there was something frightening in her friendliness — more frightening than in her strange, absent look.

"Yes, your doggy can come too. Isn't he a nice fellow!" She took Maida by the hand and led her through the entrance hall. It was so dark in the hall that Maida could not see where she was going. She could hardly see Mrs. Secor. The sunlight had dazzled her eyes. As they passed a stairway Mrs. Secor called out in her thin, whispery voice: "Oh, Cora, come down. Come down. We've company." She led Maida into the parlor. "Sit down, little girl," she said. "Well, well, well, and so you've come to call?"

Maida's eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom as they entered the parlor. She chose a large black chair and sat down in it. The green satin cushion on the chair was soft and old, and sank under her weight like a featherbed. She looked around the room. Mrs. Secor's parlor was tremendously large. Everything in it looked old-fashioned, and the dark green cushions and draperies were tattered and faded, quite unlike Mother's yellow velvet portieres and her lovely pillows. The furniture was all dark brown, almost black, and was not at all shiny like Mother's mahogany. But still it looked nice; it looked as if it must have been very nice when it was new. And there were a great many fascinating things on the mantel and on the tables: little statues that looked almost like dolls, and vases full of cat-tails and peacock feathers, and Japanese fans, and curious stones and sea shells. Maida opened her eyes wide. On a marble-topped table stood a tiny white glass deer under a glass bowl. Its hoof was raised delicately, as if it were startled. From the tip of its thin white antlers to the dainty uplifted hoof, its body seemed to be listening. It was so beautiful that Maida could not take her eyes off it.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Secor's voice was saying, "we

don't have many callers, Cora and I. We were away so many years. We have been away on account of Cora's health. She isn't quite strong yet, poor girl. And so we have few callers."

That was exactly the way Mrs. Secor would have talked to a grown person, Maida thought. She felt flattered.

"Mother takes me to call on people," she said, her eyes still on the deer. "If they aren't at home we leave cards under the door."

"Ah, yes. That's nice, isn't it? And then they'll know you've been there." Mrs. Secor smiled. Then she added: "We haven't called on anyone since the colonel died. And then we were away so much."

"Did you call me, Mother?"

Maida looked around startled. She had not heard anybody come into the room. It was Miss Cora, of course — a tall figure in an old-fashioned dress of soft blue, with little flowers embroidered all over it — a gliding, graceful figure that seemed to float rather than to walk.

"Oh, it's a little girl, isn't it?" Miss Cora moved swiftly over to where Maida was sitting. "A dear little girl! How do you do, my dear?" She took Maida's hand in hers and gave it a little quivery shake. Her hand was cold and light and very dry. It felt like tissue paper. "And the dog! Is this your dog, little girl?"

"Yes," said Maida. "His name is Bruce. He can shake hands too."

"Oh," said Miss Cora. "Do you think he'll shake hands with me? Shake hands, Bruce. Oh, charming!" she exclaimed, as Bruce gravely thrust out a brown paw. "Isn't it sweet, Mother? Such a gentleman!"

Miss Cora was very thin. Her tiny waist made her look almost broken in two in the middle, like an ant. She was pretty, too. Beautiful, Maida thought, but her smooth white cheeks were hollow and her eyes were sunken so deep that they looked like wells of dark water. And she had a drawn look, as if she were cold and could not get warm even in the hot sunshine.

"My dear," said Mrs. Secor, "this is Maida Carroll. Judge Carroll's little girl."

"I've come to call," said Maida.

"That's lovely," Miss Cora said. "You must come often. You must come again very soon. We don't have many callers — not since Papa died."

Maida turned her eyes once more to the deer. It seemed to be listening so intently, so expectant-

ly, that it seemed she must make some kind of noise that it could hear. She looked at the piano. "I can play," she said aloud. "Mrs. Kinsey is teaching me."

"Oh, will you play?" asked Miss Cora.

"Yes," said Mrs. Secor, "please do. Nobody has touched the piano since the colonel died. Cora used to play. Didn't you, Cora?"

Miss Cora nodded. "Yes — But that was a long time ago," she said slowly. "I don't believe I could now." She walked to the piano and opened it. "The keys are yellow," she said. "But it has a nice tone. It's very old." Timidly, as if she were afraid of the sound she might make, she touched a note. She shook her head. Then, looking at Maida, "Come and play," she said.

Maida got down from her chair and went over to the piano stool. It was a queer stool, square, with a red plush top and a fringe hanging down around the outer edge, and it was very shaky. She climbed unsteadily up on it. As she played "In the Time of Apple Blossoms," she could hear strange noises inside the piano, echoes and whisperings that seemed to drown out the music. She could not hear her own playing; she could not tell whether she was hitting the right notes. Bruce had come over to the piano and was lying on the floor under her feet, his head on his paws. Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora were very still. Maida wondered if the deer was listening too. When she had finished the piece, Miss Cora came over and kissed her on the cheek. Her lips were cold and dry, like her hand. "That was very nice," she said. "Now you must play another."

Maida thought of all the pieces she knew — "The Jolly Beggars," "At Play in the Meadow," "The Mill in the Black Forest," "The Witches' Dance — " Of them all, she liked the last one least, yet her fingers seemed to be telling her to play it. "This one is called 'The Witches' Dance,'" she said, as she began the weird little piece.

There was a silence when she had done — a silence through which the last strange note seemed to linger until Miss Cora dispelled it with a little high laugh. It seemed very odd that she should laugh just that way at the moment, for Grandpa had told Maida that the witches laughed when they danced in the moonlight in the Harz Mountains, and she had always imagined that they must laugh in high, shrill voices, just like Miss Cora's. She turned around on the piano stool and looked at Miss Cora. But Miss Cora did not look like a

witch. Indeed, she looked quite beautiful when she laughed.

"Very, very pretty," said Mrs. Secor. "I can just see the witches dancing, with their long gray hair flying in the wind. Aren't you afraid of witches, Maida?"

Maida thought a minute. "Yes, ma'am," she said. "But there aren't any here. They live in the Black Forest and the Harz Mountains. Grandpa says there aren't any witches now, anyway."

"No, no. Of course not," said Miss Cora. "No witches at all. But you wouldn't be afraid of them even if there were, would you?"

"I *am* afraid, sometimes. When Mother and Joanna go away and leave me. Mother has headaches, you know, and Joanna goes to town. But I'm more afraid of ghouls."

"Now, Cora, of course she isn't afraid," said Mrs. Secor. "Ghosts and witches and ghouls would never hurt her." She laughed, very knowingly it seemed to Maida, as if she knew all about such terrible creatures. Then she said: "I suppose you've never seen a witch or a ghoul?"

"No, ma'am," said Maida. "Only in pictures."

There was another silence as Maida slipped down from the piano stool and took her seat again on the frayed green cushion. "Don't you get lonesome living in this big house all alone?" she asked, when she had settled herself. "Mother says you must be dreadfully lonely."

At that, Miss Cora laughed, too, in her thin high voice, and Mrs. Secor echoed her in a shivery whisper, like the brushing together of dry leaves. They laughed a great deal. They were not at all solemn, as Maida had imagined they would be. But she could not quite understand why they laughed so much.

"Lonesome?" said Miss Cora, still laughing. "Well, no. Not lonesome. Are we, Mother?"

"What a foolish question! No, no. *He* comes, you know."

Mrs. Secor looked at Maida and smiled. Her eyes glittered in the dusky light like shiny black buttons. "We could never be lonely as long as he continues to come," she said.

Maida wondered who "he" could be, but restrained from asking from some sense of politeness or some wish not to appear curious. Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora had been so nice to her—Mother was wrong when she said they did not like little girls. They had treated her as if she were grown up, as if she could understand every-

thing they might say. They did not think they had to talk to her about dolls and toys and candy. Even if they laughed, she knew they were not laughing at her; they seemed to expect her to laugh, too, as if they were three grown people, talking and laughing together.

"Dear me; dear, dear me!" cried Miss Cora, looking at the small gilt clock on the mantel. "Can it be five o'clock? Maida, will you stay to tea?"

What would Mother say if she stayed to tea? Maida looked at the white glass deer. It seemed to be expecting her to stay. "Yes," she said. "The deer wants me to stay."

"The deer?" inquired Mrs. Secor. Then, "Oh, yes," she whispered, "the little white glass deer, of course. Isn't it a lovely little creature?"

"If you will stay," said Miss Cora, "and if you will promise to come back again, I will give you the deer."

"Oh, truly, will you, Miss Cora? Oh, oh, I love it so! I'd be glad if it was mine."

"Yes," said Mrs. Secor, "if you will promise to come back, you shall have the deer."

Then they had tea in the big, high-ceilinged dining-room. Bruce had a bowl of milk in the kitchen. They sat, the three of them, around a great gate-leg table, and Miss Cora lighted two tall candles in silver holders. Maida had never seen candles on a tea-table, and she felt they were in her honor. They made it seem like her birthday—all the more because she knew there was a beautiful present waiting for her on the marble-topped table in the parlor. She remarked on how pretty the candlesticks were and what a pretty light shone down from them on the quaint blue-patterned dishes and the glossy cream-coloured cloth. From somewhere Miss Cora had got a bouquet of yellow roses and had placed them in a bowl in the centre of the table, and their waxen petals seemed to reflect the yellow candle light throughout the whole room. Miss Cora's and her mother's faces had lost their whiteness and glowed like the ivory dishes or like pale, pale gold. Maida thought that she, too, must look yellow.

"My mother brought them from England," said Mrs. Secor. "And the dishes, too. She started housekeeping with them. That was—let's see—sixty, no, nearly seventy years ago."

"We ought to get new china, Mother," said Miss Cora. "Our things are so old-fashioned. I declare, I don't know what they're using now."

"They're nice," said Maida, anxious that her

hostesses should not be embarrassed because they had no new china like Mother's Haviland. And they really were nice, too, she thought. Old-fashioned, of course, but very nice.

All Maida had expected was a cup of tea and maybe a cookie, but here before her were cold meat and fresh-baked bread and butter and some kind of preserves that she had never tasted before. She felt that she ought not to eat very much, both from politeness and from the knowledge that it would spoil her supper; but still, she let Miss Cora fill her plate twice. And they sat talking and laughing around the table for a long time.

In the dimly lighted house, Maida had not noticed how dark it was getting outside. As she went back into the parlor with Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora, she noticed that the house was now totally dark. She felt uneasy. What would Mother say? She had not meant to stay so long. Mother would be worried. Miss Cora brought one of the candles from the dining-room, and by its light Maida saw the deer was still in its place on the table. It seemed to be pawing the air impatiently, as if it were anxious to be taken away at once.

"Please, Miss Cora," said Maida, "if you will give me my deer now I think I had better go home. Mother will be worried."

"Oh," said Miss Cora. "You were to have the deer the next time you come. And anyway, it's too dark for you to take it now. You might fall and break it."

Maida wanted to cry. Still, she thought, it would be better to leave it until next time. If she brought it home when Mother was angry with her for having stayed so late, Mother would make her take it back. "All right," she said. "Thank you, Miss Cora."

Miss Cora brought another bunch of roses from the back of the house somewhere and put them in Maida's hand. "You can take *these* this time," she said. "You won't be apt to break them."

Maida clutched the roses tightly in her hand. The thorns pricked her, but their pricking seemed to make her feel her disappointment and uneasiness less. "Good-bye, Miss Cora," she said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Secor. I had a lovely time." She held Bruce by the collar all the way home.

Of course she had to be punished, but Maida had not expected to be let off so easily. Her only penance was going to bed without her supper, which was not a severe punishment at all, consid-

ering she had already had tea. Furthermore, in the softness of her bed she could lie undisturbed and think about the little white deer and wonder how soon she could go back and get it.

Before she went to sleep, Mother came into her room to kiss her good-night and tell her she was forgiven. Mother always did that. Every time she punished you she felt sorry about it afterwards. When you had been scolded or put to bed without your supper, and your feelings were terribly hurt, you felt that you really did not need to be forgiven for the thing you had done. So long as you took your punishment and promised to try to be a better girl, it did not seem that anything more was necessary. But Mother wanted to tell you how sorry she was they had had to punish you. She wanted to make you cry by telling you how much she really loved you, and how, if you were in a burning building together, she would tell the firemen to save you instead of herself. And you always did cry, and throw your arms around her neck and kiss her, and you always felt bad because you knew that deep down inside of you, you would rather be saved by the firemen than have your mother saved.

On this evening Mother explained to Maida why they had been so anxious about her. She explained it in a round-about way by telling her that people sometimes got out of their minds — just as she had when she had the measles — and had to be put away until they got into them again, and that Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora had once been out of their minds for a long time. That made it seem as if your mind was something you got into and out of like a glove or like long underwear.

"Did they have the measles, too?" asked Maida.

"No," Mother said. "They were not ill. That is what makes it different. If you are out of your mind from illness, that is what is called delirium. But if you are out of it for no reason at all that anybody can see, then you are insane. Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora were insane."

"Oh," said Maida.

She pondered a long moment.

"What do people do when they're insane?" she asked finally.

"They do strange things," said Mother. "Often they do not know what they are doing. Sometimes they kill people."

Maida tried to imagine what Mrs. Secor and Miss Cora would do if they were insane. Would they try to kill somebody, she wondered. Would

they? It did not seem possible. Maybe they would become like witches or female ghouls. But that did not seem possible, either.

"They were nice to me, Mother. They let me play on their piano. They didn't seem out of their minds the least bit."

"Well, my precious, they are all right now, but you must never go there again. It might come on them suddenly. You are too little to realize it fully."

"Can't I ever go there again? I wouldn't be afraid. They're not half as bad as ghouls, Mother."

"Hush, Maida! You know there are no ghouls. How many times has Mother told you that? No, you may never go there again. You may say 'How do you do' to them over the hedge, but you must not go inside. Promise Mother that you will not go inside."

And Maida promised. Of course, she would have to go back and get the deer —

The leaves browned and fell. Colonel Secor's yard was full of them, but nobody gathered them up and set fire to them. Maida walked by the house many times, hoping she would see Mrs. Secor or Miss Cora in the yard, but the place always looked as if nobody lived there. If they had been outside when she passed, she would not have been afraid to go into the yard, or even into the house with them, but something always kept

her from going up and knocking at the door. The house was so lonely and still, and its blinded windows made you think that people were behind them looking out.

One day, when there was a light covering of snow on the ground and the day was overcast and chilly, Maida heard her father say that Miss Cora was dead. "Yes," he said, "this morning. Her mother found her lying on the floor. She had stabbed herself with the colonel's old sabre."

"Oh, oh!" cried Mother. "Poor, poor Mrs. Secor. Her mind will never survive this shock."

Father shook his head sadly. "It hasn't," he said. "They've taken her away, poor thing. She kept insisting that the colonel did it himself — that he came back and did it because he would rather Miss Cora was dead than that she should have to go away again for her health."

Miss Cora dead! Maida would never have the deer now. What difference did it make whether Miss Cora killed herself or her father's ghost came back and killed her? She was dead, and Mrs. Secor was insane again, and the deer was on the parlor table waiting for her to come and get it. Maida began to cry. She ran into the library and threw herself on the sofa and buried her face in her arms. Mother came to the door and looked at her. Neither Father nor Mother had known she was in the room until she ran out crying. "Look," Mother said, "the poor, dear little tender-hearted thing. I think, James, in that one visit she made to those unfortunate women she learned to love them."

## HER HEART TOO PROUD

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

She found him waiting under the Upas tree  
 When she ran reckless into the haunted wood;  
 His pale eyes watched her, promising no good;  
 A lean hound cowered silent at his knee.  
 "Come near!" he said, (no fear at all felt she,  
 He spoke so softly), "Love is bitter food  
 And turns to poison in your arrogant blood . . .  
 Lie at my side, you shall have peace with me!"  
 He loosened from his hound the thin steel chain.  
 The starving beast crept off into the fern.  
 He bade her lie down where the hound had lain,  
 And with the chain he bound her in her turn . . .  
 Her heart, too proud to suffer any pain,  
 Now learns from hunger all a heart can learn.

# LOCKER ROOM

HARRY A. SYLVESTER

The walls were oyster grey, and the lockers battleship grey. Diffused light came through the diamond-cut windows.

Eddie sat on the edge of the bench and looked at the floor as he supported his head in his hands.

He said, "Do I feel lousy."

"Yeh, everyone does about this time before a meet," Jake replied. "Everyone except the damn field-men. They can eat, and they're not going to go out and run their fannies off."

The Kid said nothing. He was pale. He licked his lips. He arose and walked through a doorway at the other end of the long room. It was the third time in less than fifteen minutes.

"Do you think we'll take them?"

"Dunno. If we can slam the vault we might," Jake said. "And if you win the quarter," he almost added, but thought there was no use making Eddie feel any worse. "And if I can get a first or second in the half," he did add; "and the Kid maybe pick up a third in it."

The Kid returned. "What's on?" he asked.

"The mile," Jake told him. "Then the final of the dash. Getting fidgety?"

"A little." The Kid sat down. The odor of rubdown fluid was very strong. It, more than anything else, even their own minds, told them as soon as they entered the room, that today they ran.

The Kid arose, turned around and sat down again. He licked his lips, ran a finger inside the rough woolen collar of his jumper.

"Take it easy, lie down," Jake told him.

"I can't," the Kid said impatiently. "If we could even see the damn meet, it wouldn't be so bad. But sitting down here and wondering what's going to happen, and trying to interpret every roar or cheer, and waiting, waiting, just waiting like a goddamned animal or gladiator or something to be led out for the edification of the mob. Hell, if I could only see the meet, even. But no. You sit here until your event is called, and then you go up and run, and come in on your face, and by the time you're yourself again, the damn meet's over. God!" He ran his fingers through his hair, and spat.

"Mack doesn't want you to see the meet be-

cause you'll expend sympathetic energy watching the guys on the team run."

The Kid said nothing.

Jake said, "That's the bunk."

"Bunk, hell," Eddie returned. "Don't you get excited a bit when you see one of your own men coming down the stretch battling one of the others? Sure you do, and you use up energy doing it."

"Ah-h."

A voice that sounded far away came to them: "First call for the quarter."

"That's me," Eddie said. He, too, licked his lips. He stood up and stretched. He yawned. He could not count the number of times he had yawned in the last half hour.

"Get out in front and stay there. Hell, Barbuti himself couldn't pass the front man on that lousy track with those hairpin turns. Get out in front."

"Okay, Jake."

"Good luck," said the Kid. "Take them." His voice was husky and uncertain. Eddie stalked out, his spikes scratching on the cement floor, causing the Kid to grit his teeth.

They were silent again. Jake spat. He stretched out on the broad bench and closed his eyes. He swore softly, unfeelingly, for no reason.

The Kid licked his lips again. He wished he could take a knife and cut his belly open to remove that sick lump that was right in his middle, right under the solar plexus. He walked over to the water fountain.

"Don't drink any," said Jake.

"I'm just going to gargle. My mouth's dry as hell."

"Lie down and take it easy. I know you feel lousy. Everyone does. Everyone except those lousy shot-putters. They just wonder if the babes in the stands will admire their muscles and give them a buzz."

"How much longer?" asked the Kid. He wished he could take things as easy as Jake did.

"Plenty of time. Plenty of time."

"God, I wish it were this minute. What the hell are they keeping us waiting for? Why don't they run the track events off right away, and not

keep us waiting. Then the field men could finish at their leisure."

"The track events, my boy, are the cream of the meet. Who the hell wants to watch the field events," Jake deprecated. "In the track events, the spectators see the human soul laid bare. Flourish of trumpets. Human soul, my eye; more like the good old human shin-bone or knee-cap. What the hell do they want cinders on an indoor track, anyway?"

The gun cracked and Jake sat up. "There goes the quarter." Less than a half-minute later another shot sounded dimly. "Last lap." A dull roar started and spread like some dark stain on the air. For a long quarter-minute it was sustained, full, atavistic. Then, quickly, it tapered off.

"Must have been close as hell," Jake said.

"I hope Eddie took it," said the Kid. "I wonder how the vault's going."

They were quiet again. One of the men on another bench arose, and walked to the fountain with eyes heavy as if he had been sleeping. He gargled water, whipped a stream of it on the floor from pursed lips, and doused some in his eyes.

"Wonder how much longer," murmured the Kid. He wished he could be as calm as Jake.

"No hurry. Why the hell don't you take it easy. Everyone feels lousy. Everyone but the punch-drunk two-milers. They lost all their feelings." The last Jake said more audibly so the two-milers could hear him.

"Son-of-a-bitch," said one of them unfeeling, as he walked out. Jake chuckled softly.

There was an uncertain scraping sound, and the sobbing of deep, uncontrollable breaths. Eddie came into the room slowly, one hand pressing against the wall as though for support, the lines of agony not yet gone from his face, but his eyes were very bright. His jumper was draped about his shoulders, and a string of saliva ran down his chin from a corner of his mouth. His face was flushed, and his chest heaved unbelievably.

"Did you take him?" asked Jake.

"Yeah," Eddie panted, "close as hell, though. I could see the color of his jersey as I finished."

"I suppose Blaisdell got third, though?"

"No, Cohen beat him in."

"The lousy Jew," Jake said. "I didn't think he had any guts."

"They're still working on him; he collapsed at the finish."

The Kid licked his lips and prayed with his mouth. He didn't know what he was mumbling or what he was praying for. He wished he was as calm as Jake.

"First call for the half," floated in. A manager came, stuck a megaphone into the room, and yelled: "First call for the half!"

"All right, you mug," Jake snarled. "Do you have to break my ear-drums!"

The Kid arose, tightened his shoes until they hurt, then walked mincingly on the spikes after Jake. They went through the door.

## THE CUP THAT HELD INFINITY

BENJAMIN APPEL

When God heard a man had encompassed infinity in a cup He began to quiver and the universe to shrink. As long as He didn't know about the cup all was well, but now He knew.

The stars giddied through the tilting skies. The comets danced in the ball-room of space and when space gyrated they all fell into the little cup that held infinity. For a moment, the stars gleamed like monster starfish become phosphorescent; the fiery comets buried their burning tails deep into infinity; a moment, then stars and comets vanished down infinity's ceaseless maw like shoals of fish disappearing in tiny silver flashes, twinkling down the gullet of a hungry whale.

God grew finite, smaller He became and small-

er. The faces of His archangels diminished as He retreated from them and they from Him, smokingly swift as bullets fired in contrary directions. The archangels lost their majesty and looked like respectable citizens on a sinking ship. God was uneasy. Dimensional limits sheared Him like scissors. For the first time since His experimenting babyhood He realized that He had arms and legs. He did not rejoice in these discoveries. He preferred infinity, but infinity was in a little cup.

The earth shot about like a marble in the hands of a child, shedding mountain ranges and plains as a snake sheds its skin. The Alps and the Rockies fell in the little cup, crumbled and disintegrated,

not leaving a pebble. And yet the mist grey of infinity was no greater. The boat-carrying oceans poured into the little cup. With the plains and oceans and mountains, was a vast torrent of animals, men, Eskimos, fishes, both shark and gold-fish, birds, all turning, twisting, tumbling, topsy-tying into infinity; scientists who demonstrated that the point of saturation forebade such blotterish proceedings, and houseflies sailing into oblivion on the scientists' heads.

God felt a great contracting. He grew smaller and smaller but still He hadn't entered the cup although His archangels dropped in one by one, swam a little and sank evermore. Heaven vanished unobtrusively turning the other cheek. Hell made a minor sort of zizzing. Mighty Lucifer approached the cup. His huge velvet wings beat like the wings of countless bats. His scaly feet dipped into the mist-grey and mighty Lucifer was gone, leaving but a tiny bubble. A red one. God shuddered and God quaked for He knew infinity would swallow everything even . . .

As He thought, the cessation of resistance was upon Him. He trembled once and the furtive stars and suns clustering in His hair fell and fell, meteoring down into infinity. God was being engulfed. First His calves gleaming like golden mountains, then His ivory knees, His straight body including the shoulders that had borne the weight of a thousand Atlases and their burdens. The flaming head of God quivered on the surface of infinity. For the first time God and the man who had encompassed it gazed one on the other. And His eyes were full of the awe of a yokel who sees a magician pull a pink rabbit from a hat.

The magician was a little man. He was lonely. Everything had gone into infinity, universes, stars, bright earths. He was all alone and there was nothing in the universe but the little man and the cup that held infinity and the head of God floating on the surface like a water lily.

God said: "You have gathered infinity in a cup. Of what avail was the deed?"

The little man thought. He was lonely. He did not fancy the idea of being alone with infinity. Why, even the head of God was vanishing. An attraction much like gravity was impelling him to the little cup. He knew that in a few seconds nothing would be left in time or space but the mist-grey of infinity. That was logic and the little man was logical. He shuddered and spilled infinity out.

God shot out like a jumping-jack from a box,

an incredible jumping-jack that had no end. And while the little man watched, the stars took form and zoomed upwards. He saw the silky mesh of heaven form. The stars twinkled as in the good old days. Lucifer flapped into sight on huge wings. The earth popped out like a cork from a bottle. The green wigs of forest and meadow covered the continents. Suns, comets, satellites and such bright stuff shot up like sky rockets on the Fourth. The mist-grey diminished. Life erupted like lava from volcanos. Life peopled the earth. Scientists made laws. The mist-grey had vanished and was only a concept. The cup was empty. The little man broke the cup. That was important. Not every cup can hold infinity.

## SINGING WHEAT

JEANNIE BEGG DIXON

Up from the plow edge—  
Up from the furrow,  
The brown earth sang  
As I piled it in my barrow.

The brown earth sang  
A quiet song of growing,  
A strong song with strange words  
Beyond my knowing.

But something of that strange song  
Nestled in my head,  
And I will sing the whole thing  
When I am dead.

When I am dead  
And another man's sowing  
Wheat in the brown earth  
Where I am growing.

And when he is thinking  
Life is all sorrow,  
I will sing the earth song  
Out from his barrow,

And he will laugh then,  
When he hears my song,  
To think of his brave wheat,  
Gold and long.

## BRIEF HOLIDAY

GRIFFITH BEEMS

They got off the Elevated at the Battery half an hour before the time scheduled for the excursion steamer to sail. Len had hurried Marie all morning. Even though it was Sunday, he had set the alarm for eight-thirty, tickled the soles of her feet when she tried to go back to sleep, given her no time to choose between her nile-green sport suit and yellow linen dress, undercooked the boiled eggs, hurried her breakfast, left the dishes, raced her up the Elevated steps, and now it was only ten o'clock. "We want to beat the crowd and grab a good seat," he said. They picked two chairs with arms out of the pile of folding canvas chairs and pitched them on the second deck of the steamer, forward, near the rail, on the side they figured would be out of the morning sun during the sail down the bay. Len put the imitation leather boston bag with their towels and swimming suits between their chairs.

Already people were crowding along the Battery front between the Aquarium and the ferry slips, and loafing, eyes shaded from the sun, on all the park benches. Now and then couples stopped to be weighed for two cents on the standard scales, or squinted at the hazy bay through a rented brass telescope on a tripod. The yellow elevated trains, after stopping at Battery Place, above the tree-tops, came grinding down the curve to South Ferry and discharged new files of people; another stream came out of the subway exit. The steamers for Bear Mountain, Atlantic Highlands, the Statue of Liberty and Midland Beach, with their superimposed white decks, began to bristle with passengers and chairs.

"I like boats," Len said, sitting down and sprawling. He was slender, with a tanned young face, narrow nostrils, and curly dark hair. He worked in a broker's office on Pine Street.

"I like them if they're big, with cabins like houses. This one is all right."

"Huh! This old tub! You take a real boat, a liner, or a dreadnaught — there's something about them that attracts me. I've sailor blood in me, I guess. I used to want to be a sailor."

"You couldn't be a sailor."

"Why not?"

"You can't swim well enough."

"For crying out loud! That's a good one. Do you think sailors have to get off and shove the ship around like a car? Listen — the fact is, most sailors can't swim."

"No?"

"Sure." He put his feet up on a chair. "What I'd like to do sometime is to take one of these all-day fishing boats out of Sheepshead Bay. How'd you like to catch a three-hundred pound swordfish?"

"You'll never get me on one of those smelly, pitchy boats."

"I wouldn't try. I'd go alone. I wouldn't get seasick. And I'd catch plenty."

Len was not contented with their location, and went off exploring. Marie watched him twisting among the chairs, stepping over people's legs. He smiled at her as he swung up the ladder to the next deck. Marie held his chair for him. "I'm sorry," she would say to the foreign-looking women, "but I'm holding this chair for my husband." People who wanted the chair went away without answering. She tried to sit restfully, without concerning herself with the ferro-concrete mountain ranges, stacked up, pervasive with Sunday quiet, in front of her. She wished Len would not run around so, upsetting other people. She tried to think of a word to call Len, always darting about, looking things over and never staying put, but she could not think of one, and she stopped wondering about him. She watched a big negro in a sombrero trying to sell jointed green wooden snakes on the walk below her. He would walk along, just behind a girl's elbow, making a clicking noise, and wriggle the jointed snake forward with his fingers. The girl would shriek and laugh, and often the young man with her would buy the snake. Marie shuddered a little in her chair. After a while, Len came back, and lit a cigarette.

"They can leave any time now, so far as I'm concerned. I'm ready."

"They won't, though," Marie said.

"I want to get away from here. I hope I never see the place again. I wish as soon as this boat started, the whole burg" — waving at the pyramiding buildings — "would sink in the bay. May-

be a day in the ocean would cool the damn hot box off."

"I doubt it." They laughed together.

"I wish we never had to go back. I'd never miss it and it'd never miss me. Listen, Marie," patting her knee with his hand, "we're going to really get away today. We're going to have a swell time."

"Are we?" said Marie, laughing and leaning forward to put her hand on his.

Although an uncertain breeze veered from the harbor, the sun came down in a crystalline deluge. Plane-trees in the park gleamed dark green, and between the boat and the stone quay roiled green water washed back and forth. The cement sidewalk glared white in the light, and the crowd, moving over it, fracturing its brilliancy, bothered Marie's eyes. She felt excited to be going to the shore and she admitted to herself that Len was right to have gotten up at eight-thirty. He had the energy and determination to carry out his plans, she thought, and smiled to herself at his ardent and unrestrainable way toward her. She probably was the one woman intended for him, for he acted differently with her than with other people. Instead of being silent and bashful, as people supposed him to be, he was really forceful and clever. "I know how to bring him out," she reflected.

He snapped the ashes from his cigarette toward the railing. "What's the surprise you were talking about?" he said, idly, while the wind rippled the hem of the yellow linen dress back and forth over Marie's knees.

"Wait and see."

"It's something to eat."

"Of course not, silly."

"Well, what is it?"

"I won't tell you."

"If I tease and tease, will you tell?"

"No."

"Then I won't bother."

"Poor Len, he's all excited with curiosity."

"I'm not really interested. I just pretend."

"I don't doubt it." Marie laughed unbelievably.

"A wife should have no secrets from the husband of her bosom."

"You've lived with that frightful curiosity of yours a good many years, and you still seem healthy and in no danger of dying. One more secret won't kill you."

"Yes, it will. I swear I'm going to die."

"Poor Len!"

Len pleaded in baby talk, and then gave up.

Half an hour later, at fifteen minutes after eleven, a stir went through the passengers; the boat-whistle blasted in a cloud of steam, startling the Battery pigeons upward in a swift gray flurry; they were casting off. The varnished gangplank was run aboard by four sailors under the direction of a uniformed officer; hawsers, loosed from the bits, splashed in the sea and were hauled aboard dripping. The engine started, sending a vibration through the ship, like a pulse sounding in the ears. For a moment the children were silent and stood near their parents, and the old white steamer, paddle wheels churning, walking beam swinging like clockwork, pointed down the bay, and turned its stern, flying the Stars and Stripes, upon the great ragged bubble of buildings behind the Battery and the taut blue cobwebs of the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges. They were off. They slid past Governor's Island, past the barracks and red stone fort with the five howitzers. Up forward a man's straw hat blew off, rolled several feet along the rail, and sailed off into the sea, far astern, bobbing in the churned V-shaped lines of the wake.

The steamer began to overhaul the broad-beamed ferry boat for Staten Island, loaded with cars and people, and the excursionists started waving their hands until everyone on that side was waving and shouting, as though there were a race. The ferry passengers waved back and the captains whistled to each other. The ferry boat, with only its keel in the water, scuttled along like an aquatic insect, but the steamer passed it. The Statue of Liberty, small, green and incongruous against the Jersey smoke bank, dropped behind. After a while, Len went down to inspect the engines, and came back with two bottles of raspberry pop. "You ought to see those engines. They look like fire engines, they're that shiny and clean. This is a multiple action walking beam engine." He explained the engine to her.

They passed tugs, clouding the harbor with cones of black smoke that thinned into black bands whipping over the Norfolk coal barges in tow. A disengaged tug charged near them, white water slapping at the frayed rope mats on the bow and jiggling the buffering sticks along the side, while a freckled man in his undershirt leaned on the sill of the cabin window and stared morosely at the hands waving to him.

Staten Island emerged from the sea haze as a

wooded green shore and they headed past Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth out through the Narrows. The sun seemed to descend on the ocean outside and radiate there like an incandescent stain. Sandy Hook and the Highlands wavered on the horizon like clouds. The tower of the Half Moon Hotel at Coney Island weighed on the sea, and after a while they saw the ridged and writhing skeletons of the rollercoasters. They passed Coney Island. The beach continued, an endless white lip lapping at the ocean, with summer cottages and developments cluttered in the waste behind it.

At one o'clock they came in toward a sandy low shore, with a ferris wheel, amusement park and long, run-down, white bathing pavilions, and glided slowly, engines scarcely turning over, alongside a pier running three hundred yards from shore to deep water. The crowd jammed toward the gangplank and milled on the stairs, sweating to get off. Len and Marie watched them straggling down the long pier toward the beach, and then came leisurely down the double stairs with brass newels, sidling along after the others. A sailor with his pants rolled to his knees was mopping up the deck where sandwiches and soft drinks had been served at tables. The crowd at the gangplank still made a wall of backs, perspiring through colored shirts and dresses.

Len frowned, annoyed. "Come on," he suggested, hunching his shoulders. "Come on, let's crash the mob."

"Oh, let's wait." Marie smiled at his impatience.

"I'm tired of waiting, damn it. Come on."

"You can't break through all those people."

"Sure I can."

"You mustn't. No one could get through there."

"Sure I can."

"Len, you come back here!"

"Stick behind me."

Settling his panama and swinging his arms slightly, he wedged into the crowd, between two women, and turning sideways, twisted and shoudered his way. Marie did not follow, but watched from the stairway. She saw people turning toward him, and a black-haired man said something angrily. Then he was shoved across the gangplank with the others.

Outside on the dock Len was waiting for her. They felt drier and cooler in the sun. A man, sitting tipped in an old kitchen chair, was fishing,

hunched over his own short shadow. The tide had turned two hours earlier. On the steamer, the decks and railing undulated slowly in the swell; an almost imperceptible white smoke dispersed from the two upright black funnels into the offshore wind; two sailors with white caps were stacking up the folding chairs. Marie remembered the posters and booklets in Cook's windows on Fifth Avenue, and wondered if the Riviera were as lazy and sunny as this. They followed slowly after the crowd down the pier.

Marie scolded him. "You'd think it was a life and death matter getting ashore. Shoving and fighting, to save half a minute! You never listen to me; you just go and do the opposite."

The broad beach was discolored with bathers like a snowbank sifted over with soot. Nasturtium-colored sunshades bloomed in the sand, and from the indolent confusion a shrill hum sounded against the bass of the ocean. Out between the lifelines, heads bobbed in the surf like spilled corks, and over them red kites were flying. Len took his suit out and gave the boston bag to Marie; they separated and changed into their bathing suits among the bare pine partitions of the bath-house. Len fluffed the hairs on his chest so that they showed above his dark red speed suit, ran his hands over his sides before the mirror, roughened his curls, and rejoined Marie. They ate egg sandwiches and coffee standing up at an open-air counter.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Len said. They walked eastward down the beach. The crowd thinned out; they passed private beaches belonging to one-room summer cottages, and waded around wire fences and sea walls, though Marie disliked leaving the sand for the sea. After a mile walk, they were on a white strand and quite alone except for scattered picnic parties. Clumps of beach grass tufted the dunes, and pease, wormwood and sweet bay grew in the hollows. Above high water mark they stepped over crusted skates and fish, with freshly plucked-out eyes. The surf pounded in waist high, stringing a thread of foam out of sight down the straight beach. At their feet the water rinsed over the imperturbable sand, exploding bubbles of foam, and ran back like liquid glass. Rainbows flickered in the receding sheet.

They passed an Italian family lolling around a spaghetti kettle, while the mother, who had tucked up her skirts, gathered firewood. Several hundred yards farther on they found a driftwood

timber, square hewn, with marks of the adze, and sat down. Len slipped his suit down to his waist and Marie took a bottle of coconut oil from the boston bag and rubbed the oil over his neck, back, chest and arms. He rubbed it on his legs. Then she slipped the straps from her shoulders and oiled herself, and they settled themselves, with the timber as a backrest, to tan. After a long silence, Len said:

"Gosh, I certainly feel lazy."

"You certainly look it."

"The sun is the source of all energy. Why don't I feel full of energy?"

"You're very well as you are."

"I'm getting so full of energy I'll either go off like an alarm clock or else do something terribly important."

"Turn over and do your back."

"That's not important enough," rolling over on his stomach. "The sand all sticks to this damned oil."

"It's important to get tanned evenly."

He lifted a handful of sand and let the particles run between his fingers. "It wouldn't be so bad to be radio operator on some big transatlantic flight or maybe an antarctic expedition. I'd like to be in on something important."

"Doesn't anything happen to you of importance?"

"Sure, but you know what I mean. Big, important — big to everybody. Not just to ourselves."

Marie did not answer.

"What was the most important thing that ever happened to you, Marie?"

Marie glanced to see if he were watching her, but he was not. "Getting married."

"That was sort of important, all right — to us, that is."

"A husband is a terrible responsibility," she said, rather fondly.

He drew himself up on his elbows. "What do you mean — responsibility?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Huh, maybe you think a wife isn't a big responsibility."

"I'm sure of it."

"Who is the biggest responsibility to the other one, you or me?"

"Oh, I know I must be. You have to help support me, and everything."

"Yeh, I guess so," he said, becoming lazy again.

Suddenly Marie sat up. "Why, Len!" she exclaimed. "We've forgotten the surprise!"

"What surprise?"

She reached under a section of newspaper folded in the bottom of the boston bag, took out a large envelope, tore it open, and produced a red and yellow beach ball with a deflated rubber bladder. "It's from Woolworth's," she explained.

"Let me have it."

"I want to blow it up."

"Don't — don't! That's not the way. Give it here. The way you were blowing, you blew spit into it, and that rots the rubber in no time."

"It gets wet in the water."

"That's the outside," Len scoffed, and tried to blow up the bladder with one exhalation. He fastened the bladder with the rubber band and jumped to his feet, pulling one strap of his bathing suit over his shoulder, and threw the ball and butted it up again with his head. Marie ran after him. The ball was so light that it was hard to play with. Len kicked it, but the wind curved it, and it bounced out of Marie's hands.

"Butter-fingers!"

Chasing it down toward the water, she picked it up and threw it into the ocean, and the wind slanted it well out.

"Sic 'em, Fido!" she cried. "Go get it, Fido," pointing. "Sic 'em!" and she laughed until she had to bend over. Len yapped and barked, pretended to paw the sand, and went racing after it, splashing through the shallows, until, tripped by the water, he floundered into a roller and started swimming.

"Let it go — you can't get it."

"Sure I can."

"Len, you come back here!"

Lifting himself, treading water, he thumbed his nose at her. "Come on in, the water's fine."

"Come back here."

"I'm going to get it."

"You won't be able to, Len. Don't try. Please don't try."

He swam on his side, steadily, turning to breast the swells and riding up on their crests. The offshore breeze sailed the ball, bobbing high out of water, ahead of it. Marie was uneasy. She sat down, cross-legged, and looked up and down the beach. There was no one near, except the Italian family, basking solemnly, while the mother dug in the sand, and Marie did not dare call them because Len would be angry with her. About fifty yards offshore, Len came up with the ball and,

shouting to her, batted it with his hand toward the land. He batted it ahead of him twice, and then she noticed that he had abandoned it. He began swimming dog-fashion. A wave, whose coming he had not timed, washed over him. Marie saw him throw up his head, shaking the water from his eyes, and spitting. The succeeding wave drowned him. He came up floundering, thrashed with his hands, and lifting his head out of the water until his shoulders showed, he shouted. Marie heard the cry faintly, with the strain of desperation in it. She ran out into the sea until the water boiled around her knees; the sand, churning in the turmoil, ground into her legs and washed out from under her feet, and she was afraid to go on.

"Len, Len!" she screamed, "Len!"

Suddenly she seemed to be looking across the watery distance into his eyes, the pupils black and dilated as she had seen them over her when they were hard with passion, and a sickening weakness rose up in her. She struggled out and shouted at the Italian family. The father lifted his head and pointed and they all stared at her, frantically beckoning with her arms, but no one stood up. Angry impotent tears blinded her, and she could make only harsh sounds in her throat when she shouted. She wiped her eyes with her oiled arm and sand caught in her eyes. She saw through pain Len's head submerge, his hair spreading out mattedly, and then float up again, the face half out of water. Far up and down the beach, blown full of black painful blurs, she could see no one except the Italian family, lolling implacably. They had stopped

staring. Sand blew off the dune behind her and stung her legs.

Clear as in a dream, with every impact of the crashing surf, the hummocky coarse grass, the stretch of sand, the lavender wide sea, turned half a notch around on the horizon and tilted upward like three vortex walls, until the colors blue, red, green and white ran and commingled, and Marie fell down. "Straighten out, straighten out, straighten out!" she screamed at herself, pounding her fist on her thigh. She remembered that she had come to this desolate strange place with Len. Hunching up on her hands and knees, she saw him swimming, very far out, his white face, lifted on a whitecap, looking shoreward. She bent her head and prayed. "Dear God, help him. Help him, please. You must, God, You must save him. It's all my fault, I shouldn't have let him go, dear God. Oh, dear God, make him safe — You must. Please. Don't punish him. I will do anything, God." She was afraid to open her eyes. She tried to remember the Westminster Confession, and said the parts she remembered quietly. "I am helping him," she said, "I know I am." She did not open her eyes because it helped him for her not to be afraid. When she could not remember any more from the Confession, she thought that he had had time enough to reach the shore, and she opened her eyes. The waves pitched rampantly, collapsing into whitecaps, like a great barren field under shell fire, and as far as she could see there was nothing, except, far offshore, a drifting yellow and red ball.

## THE DOLL THAT WENT TO HEAVEN

EMMA KENYON PARRISH

"Burd Helen"—that's what the minister sometimes called her, she was so far away even when she was close by—Burd Helen with the piercing blue eyes was busy about her doll's bed, its little covers, its minim pillows and all its fairy furnishings. She spoke softly to herself, to the doll, and to the air; "I'm going upstairs to get a kiss pretty soon, when I get round to it;" and she patted the silken coverlet under which lay the favorite doll of many names, but whose heart-name was Silver. And Burd Helen's real name was Deskie, the diminutive of a great and solemn ancestral name somewhere in her father's line, the name Vegadesk. Sometimes Deskie's face reminded people of those

roses described by florists as "pure blush-white," while a mere scarlet thread represented her exquisite mouth; again, it all was at times so delicate rice-white that they looked away quickly for fear Deskie would see the sudden frown of trouble pulsing up into their eyes.

Deskie found the kiss she wanted without going after it, because her mother came down stairs, and it was a good kiss she got. For some reasons her mother would have been content to sit holding her little girl all day long and covering her with caresses, but that would not have been wise. You see, about a year ago Deskie fell and broke her arm. It was set, it knitted nicely, but something they called

rheumatism came on; when that was better, something they called heart-trouble followed. And by then it was noticed that the food which made other children fat and strong, seemed only to feed Deskie's mind; her small hand that used to look like a plump little biscuit with four dimple-pricks was now a very thin biscuit, no dimple-pricks, and too, too white.

Deskie liked to go to school; the sessions were brief. There she seemed to give to each small lesson a degree of mental energy that might have run a mill, if it could have been applied; at home she finished the thinking at some pleasant window where she could study the sky, as if for new ideas. Not much of the vagueness of childhood about Deskie: concrete, colored, scented, one almost might say, with a beautiful intelligence, to be set forth in words from those two little lips.

Now it was time to go across the street to the minister's; it always was time when he was mowing his lawn. Deskie made a straight line for the walk where he would have to stop, and thanked him.

"For what?" the minister smiled.

"For giving me your hang-up till mother calls."

"You thank me before you've had it?" he laughed gently.

"I might go to sleep, and you might be in the church, writing, when I woke up, then I couldn't thank you."

"Thanks in advance are nice, Deskie, and you're perfectly welcome, either way. Is my hammock nicer than yours?"

"For me. I like to come over here, all times, but partic'ly when I think I'm going to think."

"Success to your thinking," smiled the minister, and went back to his mowing. After a while it brought him around near the porch; he stopped a moment. Deskie lay in the big crimson-and-tan hammock, as still as if she were a part of it. Blue-veined lids were over the piercing blue eyes; a larger, bluer vein lay across her nose, like a fairy bridge. The minister shook his head, and set the mower buzzing again.

Deskie loved to help Louisa, the maid, when she "silvered" the knives and the spoons. Silver was a favorite word with Deskie; in some way she connected it with the word Saviour, through a slight misunderstanding of words rather than of ideas. One day it came to have other meanings: "Loveesa" was singing the Swedish rendering of an American song, and Deskie caught the word, "silfwer."

"What is that silfwer, Loveesa?"

"Silver, darling, in English; the silver river." "o."

One couldn't think of printing in capitals such dear little tiny o's as Deskie made. After a moment she asked, "What does it mean, the silver river, Loveesa?"

"It means where — it means we pretty soon get there, the silver river, you would know, and we didn't then had no more troubles. But darling, you should run out and play;" and Louisa hugged her warmly.

Deskie thought it funny that people hugged her so much and kissed her so often, but "cheerfully proceeding to the consequences," this was the time when she added Silver as a final name for dear doll. She, Doll Silver, was a little angel of a doll; like a beautiful antique figurine the artist had not found time to color; yet a fine dim glow suffused her face and her pretty body, as if a real soul shone through.

Though not of the persuasion of her minister's church, Deskie liked to drift in on Sunday mornings: it was near, really next door. There, quite in the front pew, she would sit through all the exercises; she even seemed to enjoy the sermon. But the windows were the great charm; the windows, and the organ; and of late, the pulpit, too. They all made a foundation for questions to put to the minister when he was mowing his lawn. Even the great crimson-and-tan hammock was not so nice as to ask questions, and to have them answered.

"Where is heaven, Mr. Minister?" she began.

"I don't just know, Deskie. Sometimes a little of it seems to be right around us; generally we think of it as away off in the sky — with God. Don't you want to swing in the hammock today?"

"I've got Doll Silver, and I'm afraid she might get broke in the hangup."

"Let me take care of her," and he stowed the innocent little toy safely.

"Oh, you've put her in your heart-pocket!"

"Now will you take comfort in the hammock, Deskie?"

"I have to think, first. You said yesterday, He had no place to lay his head, but the foxes had; why wouldn't the foxes let Him lay His head on them, if He didn't have any nice cushions?"

"Foxes? They — they weren't wise enough, Deskie."

"o."

She was standing beside a splendid scarlet-and-black poppy, almost as tall as herself; "Here's a

bird-of-the-air in this poppy; this is the bird-of-the-air's nest; why wouldn't the bird-of-the-airs take Him into their nest; was it too high up?"

"Not too high; but birds aren't much wiser than foxes, Deskie."

"o."

"Those little round o's," laughed the minister, softly; "round as Giotto's, I know. One could eat Burd Helen's little o's."

"What did you say, Mr. Minister?"

"I was thinking out loud, Deskie, that's all;" and he set the mower going again.

"o."

But the next time he came near, Deskie had another question; "How do people start to think?"

He smiled; "I don't know. 'Flower in the craned wall'— if I knew — if I knew —"

"o." Then Deskie climbed the porch steps and into the big hammock with its batlike sweep.

That evening she had "cranks" in her feet; her mother sat by her for a good while, rubbing them. "Now do you feel sleepy, darling?"

"Not yet. The cranks started up little thinks, so I can't go to sleep, yet. God was in the music, yesterday, mother, I heard Him. His voice was big and deep, down under the organ."

"Yes, love."

Deskie thought. There was a good deal she could not express, but she remembered the glorious power and mystery of the organ, and how something from it came rolling across the floor till it tingled her very toes into a subdued dance, a little holy Sunday dance; she felt it all, and it made her very thoughtful. She didn't remember, perhaps she hadn't noticed it herself, that several times her wee voice fluted a bar or two after the congregation had finished; and that everybody smiled in an indulgent way, for everybody knew who did it, and everybody loved Deskie. However, she now remembered a little more. "I saw the eyes of God, yesterday in church, mother."

"My darling!"

"Oh, yes. They were on the platform, at the back of the pulpit, where the door goes into the sing-loft; the door was just a little open. They didn't scare me; I was glad to see them."

Her mother wished that Deskie cared more for pleasant romps than for churches and the subject-matter of sermons. Deskie grew sleepy, and her mother was comforted; Deskie slept, and her mother felt like a new woman; she shook off the eerie impressions her child's talk had made. She was not acquainted with the "Predestined," as the pen-

sive Belgian calls them, those children who have a "divine nostalgia, a tender homesickness for the heaven they have not yet seen." And she did not know what the surgeon sometimes thought, for to that wise-hearted, tender man, Deskie seemed like a little growing plant smitten by an insect-sting, until it was changed thereby from rosy health to a weird and unearthly brightness. Those who saw Deskie every day did not realize how shadowy she was becoming, with the exception of the minister; he said to himself, "They called it rheumatism; then they called it heart-trouble; what will they call it next? What is the secret, flensing tooth of doom dividing?"

Deskie loved the church windows; sometimes in the afternoon she would creep into a cosy pew-corner and drink in the lovely south window, its gold and amber and green, its rose and mauve and azure. At night, outstreamed floods of jeweled light, and one small window, way up high, glowed with more than an earthly glow, "Azackly," Deskie was sure, "azackly like poppies in heaven." Indeed, the whole design "burned like a golden angel-ground."

One Sunday Deskie put in more time studying the pulpit than in listening to the minister. She had liked that pulpit for a long time, but today she made a special survey of its possibilities; she took in the grand straight lines across — they made a little ceiling; she pondered over the dog-tooth molding which made its frieze; she noted its two large arches just like church doorways in pictures; and then, those nice little steps up to the doors — what might not happen to a fairy, or to a doll, walking up there! The rest of that Sunday was long for Deskie; she didn't tell anybody so, she wasn't even sure of it herself; but you might know it was so, because she went to bed early without one whimper of objection. Because, what was going to happen next morning, when the minister unlocked the church!

However, the next morning was an Indian Summer day of rarest grain; the whole family, Louisa too, went to Starved Rock in the big car; and how nice and cosy did Louisa keep Deskie, in her big warm arms. Then it was decided to go as far as wonderful Oregon, the Illinois Oregon. That meant staying away all night, and coming home late next day. So it fell that Deskie could not perform whatever little rites her heart was set upon, until Wednesday. Thus she came, on a lovely soft afternoon, the sun sifting rosy-gold over the pews and making all the place happy.

Deskie had brought Doll, whose heart-name was Silver; no one heard her little footfalls over the soft carpet, no one saw her cuddle down in front of the rich brown pulpit; there, while the western windows flooded the room, she talked to Doll Silver and instructed her on the way to grace, under the beautiful arches; the arches were not Gothic, not Venetian, just arches; ever so many inner arches within the greater ones, which were two. Deskie told Doll Silver the left one was the Sinners' Porch, the other was the Sainters' Porch; "You must go up to the Sinners' Porch, Doll Silver; yes, you was a sinner (let me kiss you, lover), you was a truly sinner, because that day on the dav'port you wouldn't sit nice with the other children's dolls; that was sinny; and one time you ran away, and I cried before I found you. But you perpented, didn't you; so up these steps you go, Silver Doll, trotty, trotty. This is the first step; here she says, 'I'm sorry, Lord, I was ever a bad doll; you'll forgive me won't you, Lord.' Here she says, 'You was so kind, Lord, to forgive; I love you so much for that.' (Let me wipe you' little tears; there now, sweetheart, you was happy.) Here she sits on the sacred step, the top step, and her pretty head will just touch the glory-spot when the sun shines tomorrow. No, those wood doors don't open, darling, they can't. Tomorrow the minister's voice will jar through the nice brown wood doors and rumble lovely in her little ears, like the beautiful great organ jars through my toes clear up to my soul, and makes me all a music, myself. She'll be all good, herself, with the minister's nice talk jarring through. He would be glad when I would tell him about it. I'll do it, first, and after, maybe I'll tell him. Then he'll say that verse he made me learn, about 'suffer the little children'. I don't s'pose it any place says 'suffer the little dolls', but I don't think dear Jesus would scold me, and I know my minister wouldn't.

"Now, Doll Silver, you're a good child, and maybe — shall I tell you? It's most too great for you yet, but I'll whisper it." She whispered something in dear Doll's ear, she whispered it carefully, twice. "Now knee", and say that nice prayer I told you for all sailors on the sea; you must always remember to pray for the sailors, dear Silver; my grampa was a sailor. Now, my Silver Doll, I'm going home, but tomorrow I'll come and get you; maybe before. And you mustn't be scared, dear; but if you do get scared, you think about what I just told you. Goodby, sweet

Doll Silver, and be good." Thus she went away.

Deskie had kissed Silver Doll three times, she had smoothed down the wisp of amber-and-rose taffeta that was her frock; she had given gentle touches to Silver's hair — nobody ever dared say, wig, about Silver Doll's hair — she had brushed it with the fairy hairbrush till you would almost shut your eyes for the brown brightness of it; she had patted the double necklace of tiny gold beads, she had stroked tenderly the immaculate gold shoes — Doll Silver had never touched foot to the ground; — indeed, Silver's was the loveliest little dress-up a tame doll ever had.

So Doll Silver sat on the top step, watching Deskie as far as she could see her; there she sat, till the last glint of painted light had faded out through the Golden Book, high in the south window. She sat till the shadows spread and lifted themselves into a great gray arch that covered all the niche wherein she was. Though she was not lying down, she sometimes shut her eyes; not that she was afraid! In the vastitudes of the dim church, all alone, Doll Silver was not afraid. Had she not mounted the steps of repentance? She was not even scared of ghosts, and a church is such a place for ghosts. But perhaps only good ghosts would come out in a church, they would not trouble a gentle little doll; and please try to believe it, she was not even afraid of the mice that sometimes made little scuttling runs across a far threshold; no, though one bold gray rodent twinkled near enough to nibble a moment at the edge of her dress, where once the cookies and the cocoa had got mixed. Straight, still, and brave as — as anybody — sat dear Doll all the long autumn night; her hands were folded, she thought nice things in her little gluey brain; she winked her brown eyes, the sawdust stirred pleasantly under her small chest, and a contented sigh breathed from her lovely lips. She shut her eyes in real earnest and tried to remember the prayer for the sailors Deskie had taught her, but she was not very wise, and all she could think of was "Keep us safe", so the poor sailors were left out.

At bedtime Deskie remembered she had left Doll Silver in the church. "I promised to get her tomorrow, but afterwards I needed her and I was going to bring her; then I sat so long on Daddy's knee I forgot again. Could you bring her, Mother?"

"The church is probably locked now, darling; we'll get her in the morning."

"I need her tonight."

"Won't Flossy do, or Genevieve? they're dear dolls."

"I think I ought to have Silver Doll, tonight."

"Why, darling?" with misgiving her mother asked it.

Deskie didn't answer at once; presently she said, "If I would go to heaven some night, I'd want Silver Doll with me, so she could go, too. I wouldn't want even to go to heaven without Silver, I promised to take her, and she's ready. She's down by the church pulpit, now, thinking about it, Mother. Would you bring her, after I'm asleep?"

"Yes, love, if I can get into the church."

Deskie dropped asleep, and her mother went out to see if the church was certainly locked; it was; no hope of putting Doll Silver in bed with Deskie that night. Returning slowly, she noticed a great whiteness on the southern sky, an immense upright cloud that forked into two great streams, as if the Milky Way had come down to earth to look into a little bedroom very near. She hurried in; Deskie was sleeping sweetly; the solemn white shape hovered over the very house, the very room. She drew the shade a little closer, she partly closed the sash. The forked cloud seemed a minatory thing, and yet it was a beautiful cloud.

Next morning, very early, bevies of ladies and young girls flocked into the church to arrange it for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day service. Autumn leaves were festooned so lightly they seemed to hang in the air; the janitor brought in many pots of chrysanthemums; purple and plum-colored they were; madder and dun; rosy amber and bluish crimson. And, oh, the brave pungent fragrance! They all smelled like — just and only like themselves, for earth does not know another odor exactly like that of the blessed chrysanthemum. More tints, from warm pink to scriptural red; from silver-and-roon to garnet-and-pearl, those chrysanthemums! Cool and rustling with fringy richness, glowing and gleaming in their great frothy blossoms, with enough gray-green sprays of leafage to cast dark, religious shadows over all the dear pulpit, where sat the little white doll so loved by the white, white little girl, whiter now than ever, whitest of all forevermore.

There was a service, said to have been beautiful, but some did not listen well, for their tears. If Deskie's doll was asleep under the tufted blossoms, Deskie was asleep, too. On her own

little bed, as moveless as Silver Doll, as tearless, as unafeard. The Angel of the Forked Cloud had raised the sash a little; he had looked in, and Deskie was "afoot and a-dance" no more.

The flowers were left to grace another service. At noon on Friday the minister came into the church to see if all was in order. He moved one or two of the great chrysanthemum-pots; more room would be needed. He stopped suddenly, he bent down, he peered behind the splendid winey blossoms; he reached a hand reverently and brought out Silver Doll from her place on the top step. As he held her, a tear fell on her pretty amber-and-rose frock; he folded it under, he smoothed down the brief skirt and tucked Doll Silver in his heart-pocket, not to keep her, but to see her well on a little journey.

Later, while the bright-faced girl-organist played a prelude of subdued beauty, the minister went to the row of seats where sat the black-robed, and whispered to Deskie's mother, who nodded, yes. Then he looked for a moment on Deskie's face, so pure and perfect, and dropped the doll into the nook of Deskie's arm. With her pretty eyes obediently closed, Doll Silver seemed a little-sister-of-the-dead.

Nearly all that anyone remembered of the minister's words that afternoon was this: "Deskie's doll has gone to heaven. That which in her doll made her love the doll has not passed away." And the great organ answered, in music that might have shared the journey of a little doll up the steps of heaven.

## OH, LISTEN QUIETLY

R. J. HARRIS

Oh, listen quietly; a spring  
That never overflows its bowl  
Is cousin of that quiet thing,  
Your soul.

Under the leaves, without a sound,  
And half-way on an autumn hill;  
Oh, child of waters underground,  
Be still.

# ROUT

SIGFRED A. ROE

Two miniature flag poles made of birds-eye maple rested on the bar at the Norway House. They were turned on a lathe in the machine shop of the Northwestern Sawmill by Nels Evenskaas, who presented them to Big Torger, with appropriate ceremonies, on Christmas Eve, 1910.

Nels was capable of careful workmanship, and he had taken special pains with the flag poles. Each was perfect in every detail, from the base with date of presentation carved upon it to the smooth round ball at the top. Cords woven of red, white and blue threads passed through small pulleys and served as the ropes. An American flag of the finest silk hung on one pole and an equally fine Norwegian flag hung on the other.

The newcomer to Chippewa Falls was advised to stay at the Norway House until Torger found him a job, which he could easily do because of his "contacts." Before the man had spent three evenings at the House, he would hear about the flags.

They had flown at opposite ends of Torger's bar for three years now, and during that time had learned the moods of the men who came there. If there was bright talk, they furled and unfurled briskly. If the men became boisterous, and sang and shouted noisily, the flags pulled at their cords. It was necessary for Torger to strap the poles to the bar when the lumberjacks came down in the Spring. Had the newcomer heard of Loud Talk Skrukrud? Very likely not. Loud Talk worked in the woods, and when he spoke he shouted. Once, in telling of an encounter with a black bear he became more than usually excited, and the flags whipped and snapped until their edges were frayed. Afterwards, Torger made him talk into an empty beer keg, and the echo deafened him so that he was at last convinced of his own loudness.

But the flags were already frayed.

Big Torger rubbed cold water on his chest every morning. It was a habit he often endorsed, telling men that it would keep them from getting sick and boys that it would make them strong. (Like himself.) He had always taken care of his body, and he was known for his strength. As proof of it, three flat iron bars were fastened with staples to a wall in the barroom; they had been

horseshoes until Torger, then a young man, straightened them with his hands. He could still take two sacks of middlings in his hands and hold them straight out without bending.

Today, Torger sat by a window waiting for Anton, the barkeep, to come so he could tell him about Mrs. Johnson. His size was impressive. On his broad back was a striped shirt without collar.

Outside it was wet and cold, dismal weather for Lumberjack Saturday. While their first day in town was important, bad weather didn't interfere, because the lumberjacks would spend afternoon and evening at the Norway House, Torger hoped. They always had. When they came down from the woods in the Spring, they could be counted on to fill the barroom in the afternoon and to shake the House to its foundations at the Lumberjack Dance in the evening.

They would come at two o'clock on the short-line and during the last three miles of the trip John Regan, the camp boss, would sit in the cab of the Coffee Grinder blowing its whistle and ringing its bell without stopping. By the time the lumberjacks, still wearing mackinaws and high boots, had stepped out of the passenger coach with duffle bags on their shoulders, someone at the mill would be blowing the whistles there. Billy McKale, the chief of police, would be ringing the fire bell, and by the bedlam everyone in town would know the lumberjacks were coming. They would feel important. They would feel honored, too, Torger knew, when they saw him standing on the S. M. & P. platform. Today was his day, and he stood higher than the president of the Northwestern Lumber company.

When Anton came he shook the rain from his coat, hung it up, and went to the wood-burner to rub his hands and warm them.

"Throw in another chunk, Anton," Torger said as greeting. Anton had been with him since the House was built.

"You know Mrs. Martin Johnson?" Torger asked. Anton shook his head. "You know Martin!"

Anton nodded, and poked the fire so a shower of sparks went up.

"She was in town today," Torger began. "I happened to see her sitting on a load of logs in front of LeBlanc's. Johnson, the fool, waits until sleighing is past before hauling his logs to town. It was raining, so I went up to her and asked her how it happened she was in town on such a bad day. She said Johnson sent her in with the logs. The mill wouldn't take them, she said, because they were poor ones — jack pine, probably — and she was afraid to go back home because of Johnson. Johnson is a devil. She was wet and cold, so I brought her into the House, helped her take off her coat, stood her by the burner and told her to dry out while Marit started coffee. What do you think of this, Anton? She's so thin she wears suspenders. She wears men's suspenders to keep her skirts from sliding off her hips."

"It is a hard condition," Anton admitted, gravely.

"When I saw she was stiff from cold," Torger went on, "I rubbed her hands and slapped her back and told her I'd get even with Johnson for sending her to town on such a bad day. She didn't have so much as a nickel to buy a bite to eat with. Then I took her into the kitchen and thawed her out with coffee. She has two girls and three boys, but too small to help with chores yet. She does them herself, and she told Marit and me she had stood in knee-deep snow many a day helping Johnson saw logs. When she remembered the logs she broke down and cried like a girl.

"'I'll buy the god-damned logs,' I said."

"'But you don't have any use for them,' she said. She wouldn't have it.

"'Oh,' I said, 'never mind that. I'll make Johnson split them into toothpicks the next time he comes to town.' She laughed then, Anton. She laughed until she cried. Lord, how she laughed! So I rolled the logs off the wagon and gave her ten dollars. 'Keep the change,' I told her, 'and I'll take it out of Johnson's hide.'"

Anton seemed unimpressed. He listened to all stories the same way. But Torger acted as if he were waiting for comment, so Anton looked out the window and took breath to speak.

"Do you think she will tell Martin about it?" he asked.

"What if she does?" Torger countered. "Someone should break Martin in half."

The lumberjack came from the woods in the Spring with two or three hundred dollars, each dollar earned with a pint of sweat. He spent

them all quickly, so boys knew when to take their stand before swinging saloon doors. A lumberjack would come out swaying, see a boy, cup the small face in a big hand, and examine it soberly. He merely wanted to satisfy himself that the boy was worthy of half a dollar, and he presumably measured worth in manliness.

He might also be generous to widows, Torger decided, so in the afternoon he planted two fearless ones in the dining room to see what would happen. They were Mrs. Ellickson and Mrs. Molm. They sat knitting.

When Torger felt the proper time had arrived, he suggested to the lumberjack who was then standing treat that the women (and he nodded toward the dining room) might want a small drink. The man was quick to agree. He went like a cyclone in earthquake boots to where they sat. Less sturdy women would have fled.

"And what will you ladies have?" he asked, with great enthusiasm.

"Oh nothing, thank you," Mrs. Ellickson said, apologetically, "we don't drink."

This was a rebuff, but nicely given, and the lumberjack took time to think. His generosity was finally triumphant. "Well, you'll have to buy yourselves something, then," he insisted, tossing a silver dollar on the table.

The first dollar was left on the table as a decoy; those that followed were salted away.

As soon as a lumberjack had stood treat in the barroom, he went to the dining room. Sometimes he stopped to make conversation too long, and had to be dragged away. Those who aspired to politeness sat at the table, toyed with their glasses, and spoke cautiously of the weather. Others were more direct, and when they threatened to carry the widows off to the woods the latter felt obliged to say "Ufda!" and shudder. And one lumberjack, after a few minutes of talk with these good women, broke down and wept, completely overcome by femininity. It was trying work for the widows.

By the time the sun was at a low slant they were weary. Yet they were in high spirits, too, for together they owned forty strange dollars and had accomplished considerable knitting besides.

Now there was quiet in the barroom, and when one more lumberjack came weaving across the floor, they suspected that he was the last. The others must be flat on their backs or walking for air by this time. The last began conventionally: "And what will you —"

"Oh nothing, thank you," Mrs. Molm began, half-heartedly, "we — "

Mrs. Ellickson hushed her up, leaned over the table. "It would be nice to have a small glass of beer," she whispered.

The man worked his way back to the barroom and soon Torger came jubilantly with two glasses. When the women had finished, they showed him their dollars.

"A thousand thanks!" Mrs. Ellickson said. Mrs. Molm, too.

"Nothing to thank for," Torger assured them. "Nothing to thank for."

"We should have thought of it years ago," he told them, confidentially, when he took them to the door. "The lumberjacks enjoyed it."

Torger felt affection for these women. He was satisfied with the afternoon. It had been a good one for them all. Perhaps he had treated more times than he should, but he did not regret his generosity. Wasn't it the thing that made him stand high with everyone? The lumberjacks would remember it when they sat in their bunk-houses on winter evenings. And the story would be passed around that he had given a woman ten dollars for logs the mill wouldn't take; yes, and beaten up her husband for good measure.

Feeling generosity and courage warm in his chest, he went to the kitchen to talk with Marit, who was preparing supper. He leaned against the door casing and held out a hand as a public speaker would.

"It isn't how much you have that counts," he said, persuasively, "it's what you do with it!"

Marit glanced at him shrewdly.

"Being rich is nothing unless you stand high with your fellowmen," he argued, raising himself on tiptoe.

It was the conclusion of his speech. When Marit had nodded agreement, he turned slowly and left the kitchen. He felt, as he walked through the dining room, that he would bump his head on the ceiling.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Ellickson and Mrs. Molm leaned on their mops to discuss the dance with Torger, who sat in the dining room having his breakfast. Most of the tables had been piled along a wall to make space for dancing, but Marit had set one for Torger so he could visit with the women while eating. Reviewing the Lumberjack Dance on the morning after was always a pleasure and recalling it was easy, for the room still held echoes.

"John Skog was the quickest dancer," Mrs. Ellickson said, as a judge. "He is quick on his feet and limber." Mrs. Molm seemed to agree. Skog had also been quickest the year before, and the year before that. It was his reputation to be quick.

There were other champions to be named.

"Ole Jorgenson was the fanciest," Mrs. Molm said, adding reflectively, "He knows the fanciest steps." The same had always been said of Jorgenson. He was a real fancy dancer.

"But Hoff was the liveliest," Mrs. Molm went on. "He whirls until you're dizzy." Because the classification was a new one, Mrs. Ellickson was slow to nod her head, but at last she agreed that the award was a deserved one.

Torger ate mechanically, and gave his mind to what the women were saying.

Mrs. Ellickson braced herself as if for an argument. "Bull Johnson," she said, "was the strongest. You know how big Gust Soli's wife is? Bull picked her up and put her in the kitchen sink." It was common knowledge. Although the title was new to Bull, Strom having won it the year before simply by putting his partner's heel-marks seven feet up the wall, there was no argument. The women were not always so agreeable.

Mrs. Molm leaned forward. "Andrew Larson was the drunkest," she whispered. She made it sound like the hiss of a serpent, and Mrs. Ellickson also leaned forward for a minute's recollection of what Larson had been.

Afterwards, they glanced together at Torger. He was looking at the floor appraisingly. "The devil of it is," he said, as sourly as he could, "I have to lay a new floor every year." The boards had been varnished birch, but now they were rough as though chewed by wood-chucks.

"I tipped the first tray of glasses," Mrs. Molm admitted.

"So it was you who started it!" Torger shouted.

The women laughed. Once the glasses were on the floor, the lumberjacks had smashed them with their boots, and then the pieces had been ground into the floor, shredding it. Its condition was proof that high spirits had prevailed.

When the women made motions to start work, Torger made them pause by stretching out a hand prophetically.

"Next year," he promised, "the Norway House is going to put on a bigger and better Lumberjack Dance."

Mrs. Ellickson shook her head. "It can't be done," she said.

"Oh, that may be," Torger conceded, lighting a big cigar.

The barroom was closed on Sunday, but in the afternoon there were men in the dining room holding glasses in their laps. It was late afternoon when Torger saw Johnson slew into the yard so his buggy almost tipped. He came toward the House swinging a jug, and, after surprise, Torger felt discomfort at the center of his body, much as if he had said something bad about the man and then had turned to find him listening.

Johnson came slowly, with coat open, and Torger wondered if Mrs. Johnson had told him about the logs. If she had talked foolishly, he might cause trouble, Torger decided. If Anton were here, it might be possible to edge into the kitchen and slip out the side door; yet even then the men would understand. *Fand!* Here he was backing down before Johnson was even in the House. He would stand up to the man! He would take him by the front of the coat, shake him a little, and say, "See here, Johnson —" Better yet, he would say nothing at first and then, when the chance came, he would talk sensibly to him.

Johnson stomped when he came in to knock the mud from his boots. The men looked up, but Torger made believe he didn't hear. Johnson walked to a table, swung his jug upon it.

"Wake up, Torger," he said, then, in the mildest way.

Torger turned quickly. "Oh, hello, Martin," he said. "Long time no see." Then he laughed. Only Torger laughed.

There was quiet when he got up to take the jug. It was one he had often filled before, so there was no need for instruction. He went into the barroom, closing the door behind him. Johnson stood waiting for his jug. He said nothing to the men; they were not his friends.

When Torger came back with the jug, he handed it to Johnson, but could think of nothing to say. Johnson looked as if he didn't care to say anything. Then he took Torger's hand, opened it flat, and put down a pile of silver dollars. "Keep the change," Johnson said in a low voice. "Do you want any more logs?"

Torger shook his head.

"You got enough logs?" Johnson asked, raising his voice so the men could hear.

Torger said nothing.

"You got enough logs for toothpicks, then?"

Torger made no sign. Johnson shrugged his shoulders, crooked a finger through the jug's handle, swung it to his side and went out to his horses.

Without looking at the men, Torger walked across the room and started upstairs, stepping like a cat so the steps wouldn't creak. When he was near the top, he stopped, and heard the men moving below. They walked lightly to the door, and then were gone. The Norway House was empty, and Torger felt suddenly alone.

Already, he thought, the men were in the back room of Pete Schmeider's saloon telling how Martin Johnson had made Big Torger back down. Big Torger! *Fand!* He was Little Torger. He was smaller than Little Charley, who was so small he carried water at the mill.

## "BABY"

EDMUND BELOIN

When Joe awoke, smiling warmly at a yellow spot directly above him on the ceiling, she was still sleeping.

For a moment he lay without moving, listening to her soft breathing against his face and thinking, "Oh, Baby, Baby! God I love you, Baby!" over and over again in an almost painful ecstasy.

Then he slipped out of bed, tip-toed to the window and raised the shade slowly but not too high (too much light might waken her). Benevolently he surveyed the street below.

He began to hum softly; hummed his way to

the bathroom, one hand scratching his silk pajamas comfortingly over his ribs, the other vigorously at work in his thick dry hair. Humming softly, he stood a moment looking toward the bed. Just standing there looking toward the bed made him feel afraid and eager and very old and very young, all at the same time. It was very confusing. He didn't try to straighten it out. He breathed deeply once. Then he stopped humming and turned away, pulling the bathroom door shut behind him.

After a while he heard her voice. It must have

been the water flushing that had wakened her. He cursed and blessed an unknown plumber.

Her voice filtered purely through the varnished panel of the door. It set his hands to trembling.

"Joey," Baby called. "Listen, kid," she called, and something else he couldn't quite make out on account of the covers she probably had pulled over her head again muffling her voice.

"Morning, honey," Joe called back, hurriedly dabbing the towel at his face. He didn't bother in his excitement to rinse the soapsuds from his neck. "In a jiffy, Baby."

Coming silently through the door, he saw a soft mound pulsating beneath the bed-covers. He approached it cautiously, walking on his toes until quite close. Then he swooped low in one movement and circled it with lean brown arms and a loud "Love me, Baby?"

The mound was suddenly a shrill laughing and tugging. He was jerked (laughing also) off balance into and around and below a swirl of linen; until finally he stopped, out of breath, and she too, laughing in gasps, drew herself to the edge of the bed.

She brushed blonde wisps of hair from her forehead and smoothed her pajama-top over her tight breasts. Then she rolled her tongue distastefully around the inside of her mouth.

"You taste like licorice, kid," she said after a while. "Did you get me that bromo?"

Joe was still laughing. "Love me, Baby?"

"Licorice," Baby said, thoughtfully. She considered the word a moment, rolling her tongue about in her mouth. "Anisette," she said, "that's the same as licorice. . . . There's probably some in my bag."

Joe came closer to kiss her again.

"Some what, honey?" he asked, and again: "Love me, Baby?"

"Some bromo, kid, some bromo," Baby said, yawning gracefully. "Run along like a nice boy and mix me one." Again she puckered her lips distastefully. "It's licorice all right. I feel rotten."

Joe stopped laughing instantly and looked concernedly at her.

"My God, kid, I only said rotten," she said, catching his glance. "There's a little hope. I didn't say I was dying, you know. Just get me a bromo like a good boy."

Joe, a blue vial in his hand, started obediently for the bathroom. He was laughing again. He stopped on the threshold.

"Love me, Baby?" he repeated a fourth time.

"My God," Baby said. "Are you going to keep that up all morning?"

She threw a pillow after him. Then she started to pull off her pajamas.

In the bathroom, Joe stopped laughing. He shook a little bromo into the tumbler. He noticed for the first time that the inside of his mouth felt all sticky and dry too, so he drank the fizz himself. While he was mixing the second, he began to figure out how he would ask her. He would ask her, of course.

Should he begin: "Listen, honey. I been thinking it over and I feel now I'm old enough to—" That sounded kind of kiddish. Or: "Helen, dear. I been giving this whole matter some pretty serious thought and consideration, and I'd like to ask you will you be my own." Too abrupt. How about: "Helen, baby. I been floating around now for a good many years here and there and everywhere and I guess you have too in a way, so what would you say if we settled down together—" and so on.

Now that would be the right way. That was the way he would ask her. He was humming softly as he re-entered the bedroom.

"Here you are, Baby," he said. "Drink it fast."

"It's not very cold," she said after one gulp. "You should have let the water run a while. See if you can get some ice-water, will you, kid?"

He looked around. "Where, Baby?" She pointed to the wall telephone near the outside door.

"Oh . . . Oh, sure." He lifted the receiver. "Hello. This is four thirteen. Will you send up some ice-water up to four thirteen, please? Yeah, four thirt-"

"You might as well order breakfast while you're at it," interrupted Baby, "if it's not too early for you, Mr. Kent. It's only half past twelve . . . Grapefruit and eggs, or something, kid. Have the boy bring it up."

When he had finished ordering breakfast, he was alone in the room. Baby was in the bathroom. He started humming again rather listlessly but stopped after a moment.

Then he fell to reading the yellow placard tacked to the inside of the door. He read it from NOTICE - HOTEL PLAZA - NOTICE at the top, through the fine print, to NOTICE - HOTEL PLAZA - NOTICE at the bottom. It had a lot of stuff about dogs and valuables and

hand baggage in it, and there were black flyspecks dotting the yellow cardboard. Then he moved to the window and gazed without interest into the street, thinking:

"Listen, Helen dear. I know this is kind of sudden but this is something I can't—"; or maybe, "—kind of sudden but I wonder if you could see your way clear to—"; or better yet, "—kind of sudden but I feel this is one of those—"

A knock interrupted him. It was the bellboy with the breakfast. Joe went over to the dresser and took a bill out of his wallet. He gave it to the boy. He felt important all of a sudden.

"Keep the change," he said. "Just put the stuff on the table over there."

He was arranging the breakfast on the table when Baby came back. She was nearly dressed.

"What's the matter, kid?" she said. "You catching up with tonight?"

Joe laughed. It was probably one of those subtle dirty jokes she was always springing.

"That's right, Baby."

But she was only referring to his pajamas. "Don't you think maybe you ought to start dressing up pretty soon? Or you going to stay like that all day?"

"Oh . . . Oh, yeah, Baby. In a minute. Let's eat breakfast, first."

He pulled the table close to the bed and drew up a chair for her. He sat opposite her on the edge of the bed.

Neither spoke for a couple of minutes. Baby was busy with her coffee. Joe was busy thinking. Then he said:

"Love me, Baby?" for the first time without laughing.

"My God, kid," said Baby. "If you're not the original white-haired boy . . . Or maybe they wound you up too tight."

"But do you?" he persisted, trying hard not to appear excited.

"Absolutely, Joe," said Baby, breaking off a brittle piece of toast and putting it in her mouth. "Yes. Positively. Sure. Now I dare you to say, 'Love me, Baby?' again."

He ignored the witticism. Now, he thought. Now I'll do it, he thought, trembling. Now.

"You remember last night at Mildred's," he began diffidently, "what you said. You know, about—"

"God yes," she said, "and I been sorry ever since. Of all the lousy, rotten—"

"Oh can it, Baby," Joe said. "The hell with

the anisette. You remember what you said about never having found the right one in all those years, you remember, and how you only wished before it was too late somebody would come along, you remember, and how you would—"

"That's just before I busted out crying, wasn't it?" asked Baby. "Didn't I start crying all over the place just after I said that?"

"That's it, honey. You remember."

"I thought so," she said. "That's the way it goes every single time. You'd think I was a clock or something, kid. First I confess and then I cry. It beats hell."

"Oh, listen, Baby." He sounded grieved. "Be serious, will you?"

"Then after you get me feeling all right again and I got a couple more drinks inside me to forget about it and show how much I like you, wham—I start confessing all over the place and the whole thing starts over again. It beats hell."

"Oh, come on," said Joe. "For God's sake, Baby."

"I'm not kidding you, Joey. That's the way it goes, kid—every single time. It beats hell."

He started to say something, then paused. The conversation had somehow strayed off in the wrong direction. Perhaps it would be better to start over again.

Without thinking, he nearly said, "Love me, Baby?" but caught himself in time.

"Don't you never think of settling down, Baby?" he began sentimentally. "This jumping around from one place to another and all that, after all where does it get you, this jumping from one place to another?"

"I give up, kid," said Baby. "From one place to another, I guess. Or maybe you got a better answer."

"There you go," said Joe. "Always kidding. Can't you never get serious? Suppose I started wisecracking to everything you said?"

"I'd try not to look surprised, kid. I'm pretty nice that way. Always control my feelings."

"There you go again," said Joe. "Always wisecracking. Honest, I got something important I'd like to say."

Baby drew the napkin from under her plate and dabbed her mouth delicately. Her chair scraped the floor.

"If it's important," she said, "it would probably sound better with your pants on. Suppose you save it a little while."

She moved off toward the bathroom again. A

minute later she came back and went over to her bag and took some toilet articles out of it. She pulled her chair over to the dresser.

Joe was still sitting on the edge of the bed, moodily breaking crumbs of toast into his cold coffee.

"I expect any day now I'm going to get a job," he informed her after a while. "I was talking to a guy."

"Honest?" said Baby. "So you was talking to a guy."

"Name's Shultz. Electric refrigerators. He says for a young fellow like me it's a chance of a lifetime."

Baby was briskly applying some creamy stuff to her face. She wasn't paying much attention to him.

"A chance of a lifetime," repeated Joe impressively. "You got to have a smooth line to sell refrigerators. It's not every day you can pick up a fellow what's had a college experience. That's what Shultz says . . . You know, I been to college. Up to Tech a year."

The information didn't surprise her.

"So I gathered last night. Six different times you gave me your Frat pin. You got some memory . . . Kicked out, weren't you?"

"No," said Joe too strongly. "I wasn't kicked out. I just left. I got sick of it."

"Yeah, that's what I thought." She glanced over her shoulder. "My God, kid, ain't you never going to dress up?"

He leaned over and picked his pants and underwear up from the heap of clothing on the floor. Moodily, he began to unbutton his pajamas.

"This is just the right time to sell refrigerators," he said, brightening. "Summer. I ought to clean up plenty, Shultz says. On account of my being up to Tech a year giving me a smooth line." He straightened out his underwear and pants legs.

Now, he thought.

"Do you like roses, Baby?" he asked tenderly. "Because that's what I'm going to buy you with my first week's pay. Roses and all the candy you can eat."

"Get lilies," interrupted Baby. "They taste better."

He wrinkled his brow. "How's that, Baby?"

Baby shrugged her shoulders. "Let it pass," she said. "It wasn't so hot anyways."

But Joe was already back in the florist's shop.

"Sure," he said, "sure I'll get lilies instead.

Roses ain't so hot anyways. Lilies'd be just right for you."

She turned around to aim her lipstick at him but stopped when she saw he was in earnest.

"Lilies-of-the-valley. Listen, Baby you know being here with you all night and this morning here and all has made a changed man of me." He continued impressively, gathering momentum. "I tell you it makes a fellow stop and think. After all, this jumping around from one place to another and me floating around here and there and everywhere with every Tom, Dick and Harry and up to Tech a year, after all, where does it all get you?"

He took another breath and continued without waiting for an answer.

"I tell you, Baby, it's opened my eyes and made a changed man of me. You know, it's not every day a fellow gets something like this thrown in his face and I tell you, Baby, it hits him pretty hard."

"Who's throwing things?" asked Baby. "What hits you pretty hard, kid? I kind of lost track after the lily-of-the-valley gag."

Joe stood up and began putting on his shirt.

"All right," he said. "What's the use of beating around the bush. Let's get right down to it. Listen, Baby, I know this is kind of sudden and all that crap but —"

Baby turned around suddenly and stared at him.

"My God," she said, "of all the — How old are you, kid?"

"Nineteen," said Joe.

"Nineteen. And a guy named Shultz is going to give you a job?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"And you figure you had a pretty good night last night?"

"Sure," said Joe.

"And you're going to buy me some flowers with a week's pay?"

"Yes," said Joe, uncomfortably.

"And you been to school a year and you're nineteen years old and you had a pretty good night and a guy named Shultz —"

"Oh, can it, Baby," said Joe. "Can't you give it a rest once in a while. Always wisecracking."

But it struck her funny. She sat back in her chair and began to laugh. She stopped a moment and thought it over. Then she began to laugh louder, and she put her hand over her mouth trying to stop it; but that only made it worse and she

nearly choked trying to laugh and breathe and not laugh at the same time. She thought it was pretty funny.

"My God," she kept saying between laughs, "my God, of all the — My God."

Joe sat down again on the edge of the bed and began fumbling to get his tie on right. But he wasn't thinking about his tie and he made the knot wrong. He pulled it apart viciously.

"All right," he said. "All right. Laugh your crazy head off."

He made the knot again and pulled it tight so violently he had to loosen it a bit. Then he picked his vest up from under the bed and shook the dust off it and put it on.

Baby had finally got her laughter under control. Her shoulders still shook every once in a while in a recurrent attack of laughing.

"That's it," said Joe sourly. "Go ahead and laugh."

He started looking around the room for his shoes and socks. He found the socks under the bed, one shoe near the dresser. Violently he kicked the other shoe from under the radiator half-way across the room.

"Nineteen years old," Baby was repeating. "My God. You'll be killing me like that one of these days. Don't you know you could die from laughin' too much?"

Joe didn't answer. He started putting on his socks.

"Throw me that shoe-horn, will you, Baby?" he said coldly. He put on his shoes.

"My God, kid," said Baby. "If that's what anisette does to a guy — " She began to laugh again and having started, found it difficult to stop.

When she did stop a couple of minutes later, Joe had his coat on and was standing glumly in the middle of the room.

"I'll be back in a little while," he said, rubbing his chin. "I'm just going down and get a shave."

"Honest?" said Baby. "Well, well. So you're old enough to shave, hey, kid?"

"Oh, can it, Baby," Joe said with an effort. "You're not so funny."

He slammed the door behind him before she could answer. But as he walked rapidly away down the hall he heard her laughing shrilly again in the bedroom.

The laughing made him so angry tears came to his eyes. He continued blindly down the hall, striking his fist viciously against the side wall with every step. Every time he hit the hard wall it sent tingles of pain up to his wrist. Every time he hit the wall he thought viciously to himself:

"The little bastard."

All the way down the hall he kept thinking that over and over, nothing else: "The little bastard."

Sometimes when his fist struck the wall he meant it for her, and sometimes he meant it for himself.

## I'VE BEEN READING —

By FRANK LUTHER MOTT

### NEGRO LITERATURE

Countee Cullen's first novel, *One Way to Heaven* (Harpers, \$2), is in some respects a distinguished production. The framework of it is the story of a black wanderer who has been accustomed to make his living by getting spectacularly converted at revivals in one community after another, but who, plying his usual trade in Harlem, falls in love and marries there. About half the book, however, is devoted to the doings of a group of Harlem intelligentsia whom Mr. Cullen satirizes deliciously. Constancia, the wealthy patroness of the arts, is a real character; and the Duchess of Uganda is quite as good, though not as elaborate a portrait. The girl our wandering religionist marries is Constancia's maid, and thus the two elements of the story are tied together: indeed, Constancia insists in providing a big wedding in her own house for her maid. One of the richest of several chucklesome chapters is the one which contains the Duchess' reading of Boker's "The Black Regiment,"

with anticlimax provided by the drunken Sam. The fact is that after the opening chapters about Sam's latest conversion, Constancia's group rather runs away with the story, and when we concentrate on what happens to the ill-starred marriage again, incidents are a bit too telescoped and underdeveloped to give us a full sense of their actuality. The close is excellently conceived. Taking it altogether, I have no hesitation in recommending it to MIDLAND readers as a distinctly original and important contribution to the Negro novel.

*The Negro Author*, by Vernon Loggins (Columbia University Press, \$5), immediately takes its place as the authoritative general work in this field. Written as a doctor's dissertation, it has the thoroughness but not the dullness traditionally ascribed to that kind of performance. Dr. Loggins knows his backgrounds, and he has apparently read everything that falls within the purview of his study. To be sure, his title is somewhat misleading: the volume provides a treatment of books by Amer-

ican Negroes in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Doubtless stopping at 1900 has its scholarly justifications, though I for one should like to see the author's evaluations of the more recent literature — which seems to me to be far superior in both poetry and fiction to anything that went before.

One interesting thing Dr. Loggins makes clear: in the field of autobiography Negro writers have done some really distinguished work. Such books as Vassa's *Interesting Narrative*, Douglass' *My Bondage and My Freedom*, and Washington's *Up from Slavery*, to name only three, are of permanent interest.

Bibliographies and index are adequate and helpful.

#### OLD MAGAZINES

Of the various books that have come out of the growing interest in the study of old magazines, none combines more effectively sound investigation with interesting presentation than Ruth E. Finley's *The Lady of Godey's — Sarah Josepha Hale* (Lippincott, \$3.50). Mrs. Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book* for close on to half a century, indefatigable author of poems, novels, cookbooks, and improving tales, and one of the leading advocates of her time of education for girls, richly deserved a full-length biography. Mrs. Finley, recognizing *Godey's* as an excellent index to the social movements of its time, and endowed with real writing ability, has produced a work which does just honor to its subject. It would have been easy to misunderstand good Mrs. Hale, and to have been "modern" and smart about her; but Mrs. Finley's sound historical sense has saved the memory of this valiant Victorian such humiliation.

The volume is richly illustrated, some of the old fashion-plates being reproduced in color.

There are some slips. Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine* of 1828-1836 was not the first American women's magazine; that distinction belongs to the *Lady's Magazine* of 1792. *Godey's* was by no means the first magazine to pay its contributors; the *North American Review* had been doing so, however inadequately, for a dozen years before Godey adopted the policy. One piece of careful research for which we should be especially grateful to Mrs. Finley is the establishment beyond question of Mrs. Hale's authorship of that old landmark of popular verse, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Lyon N. Richardson's *A History of Early American Magazines* (Nelson, \$5) is a careful consideration in 400 pages of the first thirty-seven American magazines, published within the years 1741-1789. It seems to me to be a definitive and wholly authoritative study. Most of the periodicals studied were very short-lived, but some of them were extremely important, not only as repositories of social, political and economic materials, but even for their literary connotations. Among the more notable were Franklin's *General Magazine*, William Smith's *American Magazine*, Paine's *Pennsylvania Magazine*, Brackenridge's *United States Magazine*, Trenchard's *Columbian Magazine*, and Carey's *American Museum*. Dr. Richardson's work, performed originally as a doctor's dissertation at Columbia, is a thoroughly scholarly and careful study of the first importance.

Professor Clarence L. F. Gohdes, of Duke University, is the author of *The Periodicals of Transcendentalism* (Duke University Press, \$3.50). In this volume we

have a very satisfactory presentation of New England transcendentalism as shown forth in ten periodicals which were more or less connected with the movement, including the *Western Messenger*, the *Harbinger*, the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, and the *Cincinnati Dial*. The *Boston Dial*, chief of the transcendental magazines, is treated only incidentally because of the author's belief that earlier essays on the subject have been adequate — a conclusion that may be questioned. Mr. Gohdes is not much interested in the basic facts with regard to the publication of his magazines, though he gives some details of that nature. The book is, however, a welcome contribution both to the commentary on transcendentalism and to the study of magazines.

## BIOGRAPHICAL

LOREN C. EISELEY is an anthropologist, of the staff of the University of Nebraska. He has been one of the editors of *The Prairie Schooner*, and has contributed poems to several issues of THE MIDLAND.

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT has also been a frequent contributor to THE MIDLAND, as well as to *Poetry* and other magazines. She lives at Moline, Illinois.

BENJAMIN APPEL, of New York City, contributed *Brook Boundary* to the May-June number of THE MIDLAND, and other stories to earlier issues.

JEANNIE BEGG DIXON, a resident of Evanston, holder of a master's degree in English from Northwestern University, and a contributor to *Poetry*, appears in THE MIDLAND for the first time.

HARRY SYLVESTER was recently a student at the University of Notre Dame. He has contributed stories to *Columbia* and other magazines. His home is in Brooklyn.

EMMA KENYON PARRISH lives at Western Springs, Illinois, and has contributed stories to other magazines.

ROBERT J. HARRIS has been a frequent contributor to THE MIDLAND of both prose and verse. His home is at Cleveland.

SIGFRED A. ROE, now living at Northfield, Minnesota, contributed the story *Janey* to an earlier issue of THE MIDLAND.

GRIFFITH BEEMS is a graduate of the University of Iowa, now practicing law in New York City. His story, *Leaf Unfolding*, published in *Harper's Magazine*, was included in Edward J. O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1931*.

